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The days of Colonial England are over. Still Englishmen employed in the civil service find themselves in remote parts of the world. It would hardly do to bring up a couple of young girls in the wilds of Kenya. That was the problem of career diplomat Sir Henry Winsor and his wife. He was stationed at a remote village in this African land. His wife chose to give up the comforts of England to be by her husband's side. However both Henry and his wife could not bring themselves to impose this on their children. Though they would miss the girls very much it was better to leave them in England with their aunt to give them the advantage of an English Education.

Aunt Julia was a licensensed teacher and she could instruct the girls at her manor. The manor was called Spankingham Manor, and stood in the borough of Spankingham in the lakes region. The aunt was competent, efficient, single and not a little old fashioned.



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

The girls were not in the least old fashioned. And they were not exactly children except by upper class English Standards. Alice, the younger of the two was sixteen, and Gwen was older by a year. Both of them affected American hip talk, loved Jazz, danced the twist, and caused their aunt no end of trouble.

Gwen had her picture in News of the world, the English scandal sheet when two bobbies had to carry her off the steps of the Home Office in a Ban the Bomb demonstration. Worst of all she had been dressed like a beatnick at the time. Alice caused a bit of a scandal when she was seen at a london jazz club twisting with a spade cat. The English are not really prejudiced about race the way many Americans are however such a thing was inappropriate to a girl of Alices social strata. At times the girls dressed like beatnicks, and at other times they dressed cheaply and sexy like tarts. Both of these extremes



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

were condemned by their aunt. Secretly however they both wished to wear the fashions that they saw in American magazines which are sold by Fredricks and Cover Girl Originals.

The latest difficulty had been a wild all night Champagne party in London which wound up with Alice romping nude in a London fountain early in the morning surrounded by a bunch of drunken young heirs to titles.

Aunt Julia decided that in order to prevent any further problems both girls would have to stay at Spankingham Manor until they reached the age of eighteen. She decided to step up her teaching efforts in the hope of making ladies out of these arrogant spoiled hellions.

She had opened up the old school room that had once been used to educate herself and her brother Henry. The twin



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

chairs and desks were a trifle small for wordly grown girls but Julia felt that would be part of the disipline. She also made the girls dress in little girl dresses. The girls felt embarrassed in such clothing however their maturity was evident and the look was not unattractive.

Aunt Julia had been out riding. She wore a tight blouse, Jodphers, boots and carried a manevolent riding crop. The girls were seated at their desks when she came into the room. Julia stood in front of the girls and said, "Today we will practice elocution."

Gwen looked at Alice and a certain glint in the eyes of the girls let aunt Julia know they were making fun of her.

"I won't have any of that girls. Now what have you to say ? "

Alice couldn't restrain herself. Throwing all caution to the wind she said, "You mean chicks lets talk some junk right auntie square."



Auntie Squarian churped in Owen. Both girls laughed at the joke but Julia saw nothing funny in it.

"Up to today I have been far more than lenient and all I have had for my pains in disobedience, mockery and disrespect. I am sure your parents would recommend the step I shall now take. Alice come up to the front of the room".

Alice stood up from her desk and walked in front of it.

"Lean on the wall, pull up your skirt and bend over, I am going to cane you."

Alice looked at her defiantly. "Man is this square a drag- Aunt Julia grabbed Alice by the arm and gave it a strong twist. If you don't obey me I will call James the gardner and he will help me administer this punishment. The girls despised the gardner. He was a cube. Rather than have that stupid oaf see her spanked Alice reluctantly pulled up her skirts and bent forward leaning against the wall. Julia went to the flower pot and pulled out a small willow



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

branch she trimmed the leaves off the wand and swished it through the air a few times. The whistle of the willow as it cut through the air made Alice wince. The very idea, a big girl like me being spanked.

Aunt Julia brought down the willow on the rear of her niece. It landed sharply sending a hot pain through Alice who screamed.

Scream as much as you like you are receiving twenty switches of the willow. My intentions are clear and not a thing will avail you..two..three...four...five..six..seven..eight.....

After the eighth blow Julia went over to the pot for a fresh willow. James certainly cut me some fine willow this morning, said Julia.....nine...ten..eleven..and so on. Alice was screaming. By this time her seat was a flame with pain. It was on fire, it was burning, oh did she



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL.

hate Julia.

The twenty strokes being over Alice hopped around first on one foot than the other.

"Now Alice it is my turn to be amused. I see you are doing the dance of the whip. I will not even indulge you in that. Be seated now." She again menaced Alice with the raised willow and Alice, her eyes red and tearing sat down on that hot mass of pain.

"Gwen, it is your turn now. You will do exactly the same as Alice and you will do it immediately."

Gwen slowly walked toward her aunt. She threw her skirt up and exposed her panty clad buttocks like a can can dancer. Her defiance was evedant even in her submission to Julia.

If you couldn't call on James you would not dare to







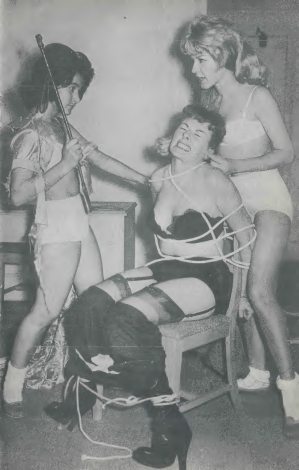
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discipline us this way.

I don't know about that child. And then she brought down the willow for the first blow . It landed even harder than when Alice had been its victim. Julia was intent upon being more severe with Gwen because she was the older of the two.

Gwens wordly expression didn't change she showed no sign of pain. It hurt like the dickens but Gwen would not show it she was going to outlast Julia no matter how hard her aunt swung that thin willow branch. She endured on blow after the other without a tear or a scream she bit her lips to keep herself from crying out her torment increased with each blow. Julia was using all her strength and she changed her willow every three blows so that it would be effective.

After the twenty fifth blow, Julia called a late halt. Back to you seat.



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

Gwen sat down on her settee, disregarding the burning pain that made her want to scream, cry, jump up and down and jump into a cold lake, and said, to her aunt. Aunt Julia, I hope you will have cause to regret this terrible injustice.

My child, I hope I shall have cause to rejoice because of it. If spanking is the proper treatment for the disregard and disobedience you and your sister have displayed then when the ailment is cured, I will not be alone in my happiness, but you will think me good, for the pains I have taken.

The elocution lesson was painfully resumed and occupied the rest of the day.

Alice, said Gwen, I hope you are thinking of a suitable revenge on our dear auntie.

I'm sure we both are !

Several days went by, the girls biding their time. They



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

seemed much improved to Aunt Julia, who was sure that her caning had effected a cure for their disolute behaviour.

The girls were waiting from that time for a specific time.

They were waiting for Friday afternoon when James would go into town to pick up groceries and supplies for the week.

Friday came and the girls duly reported to the classroom for their instruction. Aunt Julia entered. Again she was wearing her riding habit. The girls looked at each other and smiled, knowing what they had planned.

Aunt Julia smelled something in the air. But she could not be sure for after all the girls had been behaving since she spanked them. The time was so short for them to be up to any mischief.

Alice got up from her chair. Auntie Squarian, how are you today ? Both girls laughed.



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

I see you want another session with the green willow. And I shall be most oblyging.

I doubt that very much said, Alice. Grabbing hold of her aunt. They pushed about each trying to get a better position to be able to subdue the other. Gwen watched the fracas allowing Alice, the first to feel the sting of the willow to be the first to make Julia regret her attempt at discipline.

Julia and alicc wrestled each other. First Alice had the advantage, and then it shifted to Julia, they scratched and pulled each others hair. Alice saw her horrible little girl dress ripped from her body then she found herself on the floor, Aunt Julias high heel planted solidly upon her.

Somehow she freed herself and the girl was again struggling with her aunt.

Gwen saw that her sister was not quite a match for the aunt Julia was a strong woman. Since the girls did not care a-



SPANKINGHAM SCHOOL

best fairness, Gwen jumped into the middle of the fray to aid her sister. To her surprise Julia was doing a pretty good job of holding her own against both sisters. Gwen also lost her dress in a horrendous rip. Finally both sisters coordinated their efforts and subdued Aunt Julia.

Now for points two, etc, of our program said Gwen. With a piece of her torn dress Gwen fashioned a gag for her aunt. She put it into her mouth and tied it behind her head. Then with a few pieces of rope they secured her wrists and her ankles. Alice lowered her aunts jodphers and the two girls laid her backside up across a chair. Together they laid the willow on. Alice thought that twenty of the best should do, while Gwen would content herself with no less than twenty five of the hardest. The poor backside of Aunt Julia suffered awfully. Each sting of the wands sent a new wave of pain coursing through her body. The nerves of her body were alive with fire. Now she knew what a bizarre spanking felt like.



Shall we start all over again Gwen? The sisters watched the agony on their aunts face after hearing that threat.

"I think that our aunt can hear too much of what we say"

"Yes we must remedy that."

Gwen inserted ear plugs into her aunts ears and then removing the gag, she wound layer after layer of surgical tape around her mouth.

"That should do just as good as a gag and she can't choke on it."

"No we wouldn't want to hurt dear old Auntie Squarian."

They both laughed.

With more rope they sat her down in the chair and tied her wrists to the arms of the chair and tied each ankle to the leg of the chair. They tied her wrists to the arms

"No, we must show her that she is all wet."

Gleefully the girls fetched several pails of water and thoroughly drenched their dear aunt and not so dear school mistress. They took care however not to wet her stocking mask, lest they so doing should possibly spoil Owens work of art.



Aunt Julia was now tied to a chair, the ropes held her securely about the ankles, and the wrists. Another rope held her torso. She could not speak, tape binding her of the chair and for additional security they passed the rope around the chair and Julia's torso.

"That should formally do it, Gwen?"

"Oh no dearie. That is hardly artistic enough."

Gwen then took a nylon stocking and pulled it over her aunt's head. Then she took her cosmetics and painted a face on the nylon stocking.

The girls were amused by Gwen's artistic efforts. The face was really amusing.

"Now that's how she should spend more of her time. She is so....relaxed. She can't say we aren't behaving because she can't say anything. She can't even hear the nice things we are saying about her, I don't know how much she can see through that stocking, especially since I decorated it. There remains only one thing to do now,"

Wait? asked Alice.



mouth. She could not hear having plugs in her ears. As far as sight went all she could perceive through the painted stocking was keen light and shadows. Her clothes were soaking wet and that made the ropes even more uncomfortable. But worst of all was the mad intense searing pain in her seat. She did not repent of having used the willow on her charges, she regretted not using it more and harder, and she knew that when the opportunity came she would be paid back in full.

"Good that James won't be back for at least four more hours we'll have plenty of time to make our getaway."

"Where are we going, Owen?"

"Shilly get yourself in some sexy clothes. Were going to london. Tommy Steel is rocking in Soho tonight , and so are we."

"Be sure to take all of Auntie Julias money.. We want to have ourselves a ball. A real cool ball..."

* THE END *

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